

# Salamanca Doctors

## COMPLAINT

Upon the

## PROCLAMATION

For Apprehending Colonel *John Rumsey, Richard Rumbold, Richard Nelshorp, Wade, Goodenough, Walcott, Thompson, Burton, Hane*, for Conspiring to kill the KING.

**H**ere's Plot upon Plot, bandy'd back and again, Settle up on *Elkana*, and *Elkanah* upon *Settle*, now in the Devils name who set me to work, and has outdone me at my own weapon; what shall I doe? or where shall I hide my self? The works of Darknes are brought to Light, and Men see through us and our Plots as through a Riddle. Verily Beloved, the Loyalty we pretended, the Light which we boasted of, was but an *Igne Fatuus*, or *Will o' the Wisp*, that led us out of the Kings high Road to commit Trespasse on the Prerogative, and hath left us at last like *Ravens*, and *Chalkington* in the *Pownd*.

A Proclamation for Apprehending *Troes*, *Loyal* Protestants in a True and Loyal Protestant Cause, for killing the King over again, when it was so well laid upon the Papists, where art thou *Bastence*? Sincerely Beloved, in *verbo sacerdotis*, for all our Boasting in the Lord, the Lord is not with us, nor our Cause, having left us to our selves as to the Inward Man, and put outward Man to the Devil and the Hangman as they can agree.

Hath it cost so much pains and Blood to lay it on the Papists, and is it at last turn'd upon the *Sons*, and by themselves too, at our own Doors!

Surely the Lord hath forsaken us, and Fortune that us'd to be on our side, like the Protestant *Boat*, has turn'd *Galios Pan*, for I never was such a Turn for the Saints since the *Triniquit* took their Turn at *Tyburn*.

Hang me for a Jesuit, if I did not suspect this ever since the Dog Towser and the Salamanca Bull were at difference about the first Conjunction of the Plot in *Capricorn*. Well, my Heart misgave me ever since the Protestant *Joyner* miscarried at *Oxford*; *Gemini*! how our Cause has gon down the Wind ever since, and since the Protestant Cooper with the politicke Cask, was stav'd in *Holland*, the Tories have been Cock a hoop.

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Remember those good Times, I never open'd my wide Jaws but I belch'd out a Parliament. I never clos'd my flaming Eyes, But but I dream'd of a Parliament. I never shut my Mouth but I dream'd of a Parliament. But now instead of Parliaments, I have got Proclamations in my Head. My Noddle stuff'd with Proclamations, my Ears clogg'd with Proclamations, and the Town fill'd with Proclamations. They Roar like Thunder and Fly about like Lightning, and as if Heaven had Design'd it for the last Trump of the Saints, the Voice of the Roaring Lyon is heard through all the Corners of the Land.

Oh! Men and Brethren what shall we do to shun the Judgment, for we are all guilty as well as they. Shall we hide our selves like *Domitian* in a Vault, or like *Parience* in a Cockloft? shall we fly with *Goodenough* from Justice, or submit with *Wes* even to the betraying of the holy Cause? or shall we for the hope of *1000 L.* betray one another? I think that were best. I am Resolv'd---But who'll believe me? being so great a Villain in the first that I cou'd not be trusted in this Second Plot. Oh! Brethren! what shall we Resolve, and where are your Resolves now?

Will your Resolving in a Popish Plot save you from a Presbyterian Conspiracy.

Will your Resolving *Ramsay* to be a true and Loyal Protestant, keep him from the reward of a dangerous and Malicious Traitor?

Will your Resolving *Rumbold* to be well affected to the Protestant Cause, save him from Dying an Enemy to the King and Government?

Will your Resolving *Nelthorpe*, *Goodenough* and the rest to be Innocent, save them from the Penalty of the Proclamation?

Can you Resolve *Shuffburns* Head upon *G.*'s Shoulders to Revert the Plot upon the Papists, and bring himself and the rest out of the Fowing?

Can you Resolve to turn the Court of Justice and the Thames to run back to the Fountain Head.

Can you Resolve to take off the Kings Head and not venture your Necks in the Attempt?

A Pax on your Resolves and *Green Goose Clubs*. Why did you not Resolve me a Cheating, Lying, Perjurd Villain, when you Resolved me a Learned Doctor and Savior of the Nation? Why did you not Resolve to hang me rather than see me Starve in my Old Station of Want and Beggery? What shall I Resolve? I cannot go, nor dare I Stay, I have only, with my Brother *Judas*, one Resolve left, that is, to Hang my self.